

MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

UNCLE WIGGILY AT BEDTIME

UNCLE WIGGILY AT THE MOVIES.

(Copyright, 1915, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

BY HOWARD R. GARIE.

"Have you finished reading the paper?" asked Nurse Jane of Uncle Wiggily one evening as the mustered lady housekeeper and the bunny rabbit gentleman sat in the hollow stump bungalow.

"Why, yes," answered Mr. Longears, "I am quite finished with it, my dear Nurse Jane. Excuse me for not offering it to you."

"Oh, I don't want to read it," spoke the mustered lady. "Only I thought if you were through we could go to the movies tonight. Aunt Lettie, the goat lady, said there was a lovely film play on—so exciting and all that."

"Let's go!" cried Uncle Wiggily, instantaneous-like and quick. "I haven't had an adventure all this day, and perhaps going to the movies will give me one."

Putting on his tall silk hat, giving his pink nose an extra twinkle or two and taking his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch down off the piano, Uncle Wiggily started off with Nurse Jane. As it was rather dark, hopping through the woods and across the fields, the bunny rabbit carried for a lantern a bottle filled with some lightning bugs. If they had not been in a bottle the poor bugs would have frozen, for it was almost Thanksgiving.

"Which movie are you going to?" asked Uncle Wiggily, for there were several of them in Woodland, close to the Orange Ice Mountains, where the animal people lived.

"Let's go to the one near the hollow tree, where Mr. Stubbish, the bear gentleman, lives," said Nurse Jane. "If it catches fire Mr. Stubbish is so big and strong he can help put the fire out."

"Oh, don't believe there'll be any fire," said Uncle Wiggily. "But we'll go there just the same."

So they bought their tickets at the knot-hole door in the side stump, where Uncle Wiggily, the old goat gentleman, and Grandpa Whackum, the beaver, had started a movie picture show.

"Is there something good on tonight?" asked Uncle Wiggily of Grandpa Whackum, who was taking tickets.

"Well, the ladies seem to like it," spoke the beaver gentleman.

"Are there any of those funny 'Adventures of Hippy-Hoppy' things?" asked the bunny gentleman.

"Yes, two reels of that," answered Grandpa Whackum.

"I'm glad I came!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "And when he was in his seat, with Nurse Jane beside him, the bunny had a good time looking at the moving pictures of Hippy-Hoppy, a tramp load."

But after that there came some pictures that the bunny gentleman didn't like at all.

like as well. They were all about Hippy-Hoppy, a society peacock, and she wore a different dress every few minutes.

"Dear me! How exciting!" cried Nurse Jane, clapping her paws, as Hippy-Hoppy jumped out of a third story window and a purple and pink tail-coat, and then jumped into an automobile with a red-striped party dress on.

"I wonder if she'll change her dress again!" spoke Uncle Wiggily. "That would be a proper sort of adventure. I don't care much for this dress business."

But Nurse Jane and the other animal ladies head that and they kept saying "Oh!" and "Ah!" as Hippy-Hoppy changed from a sea-green bathing costume into a sky-blue-pink-tail-coat, made gown, with lollipop trimmings down the edges.

"Oh, what a dream of a dress!" softly whispered Nurse Jane. And, as she said that she heard a gentle little snore at her side, and looking down, there was Uncle Wiggily fast asleep.

The bunny rabbit gentleman had gone to sleep in the movie because he didn't care to look at the picture of Hippy-Hoppy's dress.

Well, after a while that reel was finished, and Nurse Jane and the other animal ladies were wondering if they could remember whether the skirt had two rows of carrot spankles on the bottom, or three bunches of lettuce lace on the sides, when, all of a sudden, something happened.

Mr. Whackum, the polar bear gentleman, who was working the picture machine, suddenly put on a reel that was very exciting. Uncle Wiggily awakened just in time to see walking right toward him from behind a tree, a big fox.

"Oh, my goodness me, makes alive and some oatmeal mush!" cried the bunny. "Look at that fox! Come on, Nurse Jane! Let us get out of here!"

Uncle Wiggily grabbed the mustered lady by the paw, and he was pulling her out of her seat, slipping on the paws of everybody else, all the while shouting:

"The fox! The fox! Look out for the fox!"

"Stop! Wait a minute!" cried Nurse Jane. "That's only a moving picture of a fox. He can't get over here."

"Oh!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, stopping quickly. "So it is only a picture. I guess I must have been dreaming."

And he really had dreamed in the movies. But after that he went back to his seat and enjoyed the rest of the show with Nurse Jane.

And if the cocoanut pie doesn't tell the chocolate cake that his face is all black, like the stovepipe, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the frozen apple.

Bringing Up Father—By George McManus



LITTLE MARY MIXUP—With All the Latest Improvements, Too



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—We Hope the Poor Fish Didn't Fall for the Den



JOE'S CAR—Joe's Got a Tiresome Job, Say We



YE OWNE GOSSIP BY K.C.B.

Gerald Gossip, London Times.
W. Maan, Daily Post.
Warner Allen, Daily Post.
Edward Goss, Reuters Agency.
Douglas Gossip, Express.
F. G. Aldham, Canadian Press, Ltd.

GENTLEMEN.

JUST FOR today.

I'M TAKING my space.

TO BID you welcome.

FROM ACROSS the seas.

AND TO say to you.

THAT THE royal prince.

WITH WHOM you come.

IS PERFECTLY welcome.

TO THE space up front.

AND THE first page cuts.

BUT I'm going to see.

THAT AWAY back here.

ON THE hindmost page.

WE'LL MEET for a moment.

OUTSIDE of the glare.

OF THE great white light.

THAT HALVES the head.

OF A real live prince.

AND WE'LL kid ourselves.

AND SAY to each other.

THAT AFTER all.

IT WOULDN'T be true.

THAT A prince could come.

AND CROWDS could come.

TO GREET the prince.

AND WOMEN should fight.

AND TEAR their clothes.

TO GET through the crowds.

WHEN THE prince goes by.

THAT THIS couldn't be true.

AND COULDN'T be done.

EXCEPT FOR you.

AND EXCEPT for us.

AND THE likes of you.

AND THE likes of us.

WHO PUT it on paper.

AND HAND it in.

AND IT'S put in type.

AND PASSED along.

AND A great press roars.

AND THE sheets come out.

AND THE people read.

THAT A prince has come.

AND THAT'S what I had.

IN THE back of my head.

WHEN I wrote your names.

AT THE top of the sheet.

AND HANDLED them in.

TO BE put in type.

AND SO I suggest.

THAT AWAY back here.

ON THE very last page.

WHERE WE can't hear the noise.

OF THE big black type.

AND WHERE it's quiet.

MOST OF the time.

THAT WE all shake hands.

AND I'd like to do more.

BUT SINCE Edward was here.

BACK IN '69 some time.

THE TOWN'S gone dry.

AND SO far as I know.

THERE'S NOTHIN' doin'.

NO WHERE.

I THANK you.

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY

(Copyright, 1915, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

BY HOWARD R. GARIE.

The young lady across the way was for father's handwriting is so poor that a letter from him is just so many Egyptian hieroglyphics to her.

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DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX.

The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

A TIP ON THE IN-LAW PROBLEM.

Of course the only solution of the mother-in-law problem that really works is for no mother-in-law and daughter-in-law to live together. Human nature will have to be made over and redeemed and sanctified before the two women who love the same man supremely can regard each other without a gnawing jealousy that eats all the better into their souls because one has upon him the claim of a mother and the other the claim of a wife.

Any man who establishes the fatal triangle of self and wife and mother-in-law, and who expects to find peace and happiness in it is a fit subject for an alchemist, while a girl who deliberately adds the trial of dealing with a mother-in-law to the other tribulations of matrimony is even more imbecile. She has gone out of her way to hunt for trouble with the certainty of finding it a plenty.

In all good truth there is no other danger to a home greater than having a mother-in-law in it. It is a peril to be avoided, if possible, by the prudent, but if it is not possible to avoid the danger, circumstances arise which make it necessary for mother-in-law and daughter-in-law to live together, and then the wise thing and the right thing and the only thing they can do to conserve the happiness of the man they love is for them to make the best of a trying situation.

Probably the most effective way in which this can be done is for the one who is staying in the other's home to bear continually in mind that she is a guest and to conduct herself accordingly.

If a man takes his wife to live with his mother, the latter will feel that she is in another woman's house, and

the mother to do because the money that runs the house is her son's, and she feels that what she does in the house is not true as regards the home. Every woman's home is her castle and she has an inalienable right to open or close her door at will.

Now one of the things that every woman knows is that when she goes to live in another woman's house she is a more or less unwelcome guest. Every woman would rather have her home to herself if she could. And this being the case it is incumbent upon the intruder to make herself as little of a nuisance as possible.

Wherefore the mother-in-law does well to keep ever before her eyes the fact that she is the guest of her daughter-in-law, and that a guest is not free to make suggestions about the way her hostess manages her household, and that she keeps her mouth shut even when she sees that her hostess uses her best china every day, and doesn't snap out the lights every time she leaves a room, and that she throws things into the garbage that ought to go into the stock pot, and that she doesn't do things the way she did when she kept house.

Nor is it the part of a guest to continually nag her hostess about why she does this and why she doesn't do that, or to question her taste in clothes, nor to force her normal or religious principles upon her.

Still less is it a guest's part to interfere in any argument between husband and wife, or to go to her host with any criticism of his wife. Above all, the woman who is a guest in another's house should bear continually in mind that the only return that she can make for the food and shelter that is given her is to add to the happiness of the home by adapting herself to its ways, and by being cheerful and helpful, and amiable. That should be a debt of honor with her.

If women would only remember to conduct themselves as if they were guests when they live in another woman's house it would make the dreaded in-laws more agreeable people with whom to live than they are.

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HEART AND HOME PROBLEMS

BY MRS. ELIZABETH A. THOMPSON.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: For the last 18 months I have received frequent calls from a man aged 27. I am 21. We both loved each other dearly, or at least I loved him that way and he claimed to return the feeling. Last Saturday night we had a date, as usual, and while I sat at my home waiting for him he married another girl. The question is, shall I separate them or not? I believe I can do it if I try. IN EARNEST.

Do you remember the old saying, "What's mine no one can take away from me"? It was meant spiritually, and it is a truth absolutely. If the man you mention had really loved you no girl in the world could have taken him away. Death only could have parted you. Be fair to yourself. What is not yours—wholly yours—you do not want, and thank your lucky stars that you were spared from marrying the man.

It depends upon whether or not you will be satisfied afterward. There is a glamour to the footlights that fastens itself upon youthful actors sometimes and holds. Homes of "stars" even have been broken up because of it. Marriage will make a great difference to you. No longer will you rove with the show. Will home become monotonous to you? Think carefully and then if you feel that it won't—go ahead.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a little show girl and I am in love. He also loves me and is a very nice person. Would you leave the show and marry the boy?

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sible. I am going with a boy 22, who seems to care a lot for me. He asks me to marry him, and I want to. He knows how unpleasant home is and really wants to make me happy. Do you think I am too young to marry? Could my father have the marriage annulled? What age does a girl have to be before she can marry without the consent of her parents? I am G. G.

As to whether you are old enough to marry—your letter sounds sensible—and judging from it I believe, perhaps, you are. Please write me further concerning your case and I may be able to suggest something. What occupation is your boy friend engaged in and is he financially able to care for you?

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a young girl, 14, and I want to know how to be popular. Also how shall I wear my hair. Please don't say down the back, as it is very thin.

Be jolly and friendly. Don't be fast. Say the nice things about people and forget the bad. Be interested in other people's joys, sorrows, clothes, parties and good times. Encourage them to talk to you of them. Never forget to ask about your friends' mothers, daddies, sisters, brothers and always take good care to be sweet and nice to grown people. Soon they will see that's a nice-mannered child and so interesting. Every little pleasant comment counts. Go out of your way to be agreeable. Bob your hair. It will be both stylish and sensible, for a thin crop at 14 is liable to give out before you are 20.

To an Admirer: I will be glad to see you if you will drop me a line ahead of time so that I can arrange my work agreeably. No, I would not write the boy again. No, you might send him a Thanksgiving or Christmas card though with your name upon it. Wearing a pearl must match the dress, the same as the hair or complexion.

Read News Scimitar Wants.

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